

NO.
10

BLACK HOOD

comics



MLJ
MAGAZINE

SPRING 10¢

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. UA
25 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name.....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....



2 1/2" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rated very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. S. Amsterdam, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses, I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. I. F. Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

The **BLACK HOOD**

**MAN
of
MYSTERY**

CRIME RECORD

EXTRA

BIG CITY'S LEADING NEWSPAPER FOR CRIMINALS

CROOKS REFORM CITY

HONESTY IS NOT BEST POLICY



**HEADLINE
FOR
HOMICIDE**

OUR STORY BEGINS
WITH A SENSATIONAL
HEADLINE, IN ONE OF
NORTHVILLE'S NEWS-
PAPERS...

DAILY POST

CRIME SWEEPS CITY CRIMINALS PROVE TOO CLEVER FOR THE POLICE...

IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE OF THE
DAILY POST...

YOU IDIOT! YOU HANDLED
THIS STORY AS THOUGH
THE CRIMINALS IN
THIS CITY WERE
HEROES!

THEY'VE BEEN
TOO SMART
FOR THE
POLICE SO
FAR!

YOU KNOW THE
UNDERWORLD/YOUR
CRIMINAL FRIENDS
HAVE GIVEN YOU PLENTY
OF NEWS SCOOPS!- BUT
YOU CAN'T
TAKE THEIR
SIDE AGAINST
LAW AND
ORDER!

I'M
THE EDITOR
OF THE PAPER!
I'LL WRITE
WHATEVER
I THINK IS
NEWS!

YOU'RE **FIRED!**
GET OUT OF HERE!
AND **STAY OUT!**

WHY DON'T YOU GO
TO YOUR CRIMINAL
FRIENDS? MAYBE
THEY'LL GIVE
YOU A JOB!

SAY, THAT ISN'T A
BAD IDEA! I MIGHT
DO **JUST THAT!**

THAT NIGHT..

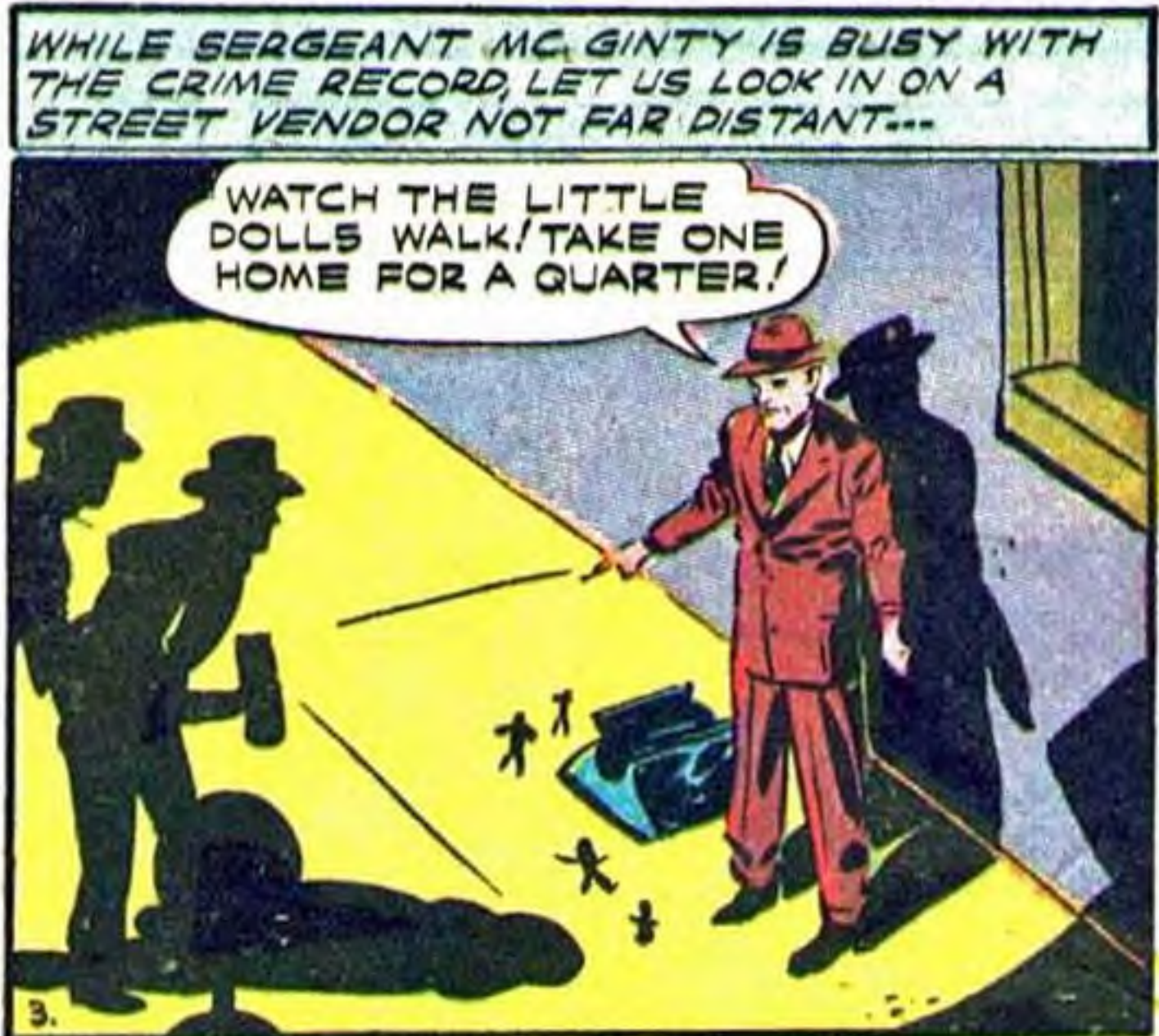
YOU MEAN YOU
WANT TO PUBLISH
A **CRIME** NEWS.
PAPER??

SOUNDS
CRAZY
TO ME!

I KNOW IT WILL
WORK! YOU JUST
PUT THE
DOUGH TO
BACK MY
SCHEME.. AND
WE'LL MAKE
MILLIONS!

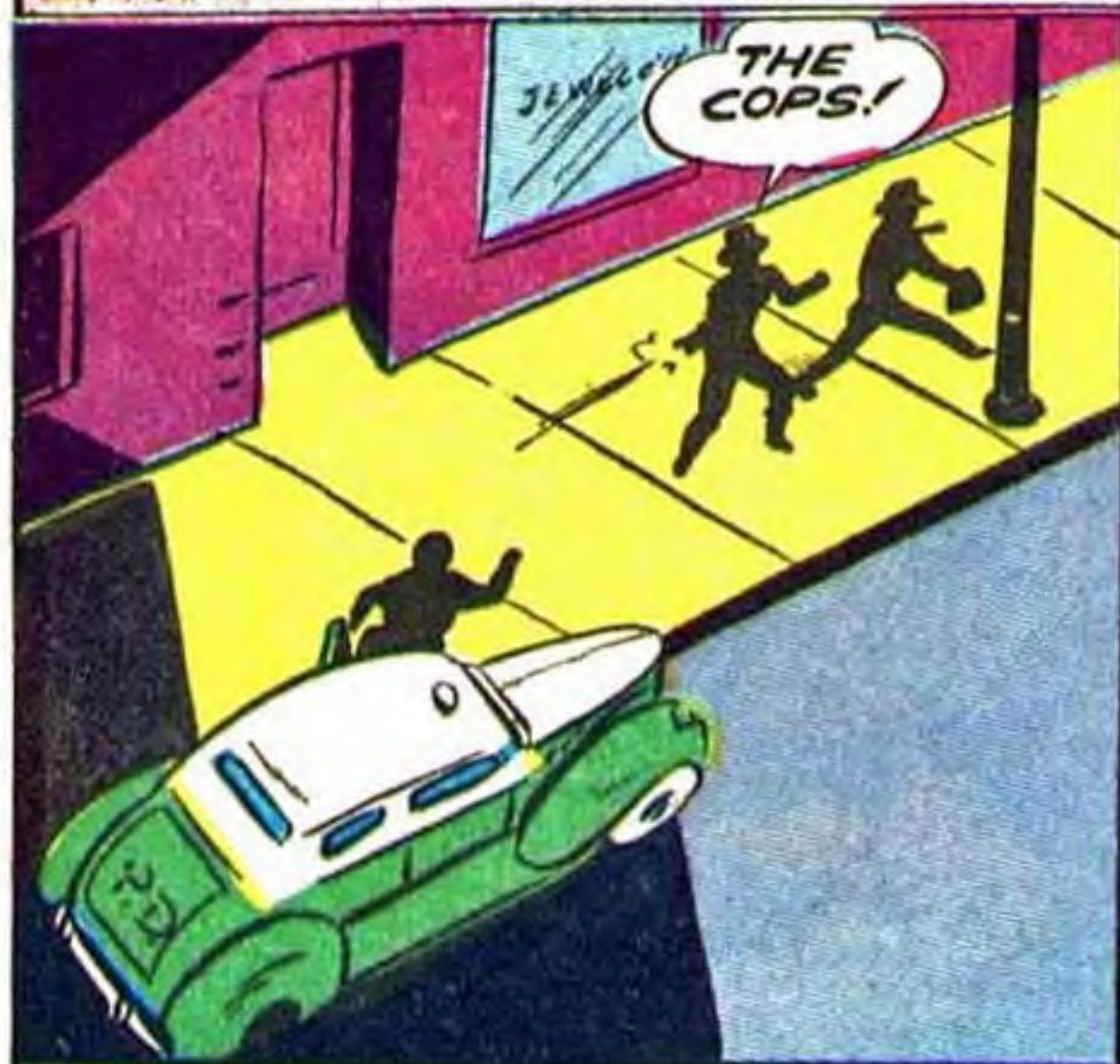


SO THE **DAILY CRIME RECORD** WAS BORN! FROM THE FIRST, THE NEWSPAPER WAS A SUCCESS! ITS CIRCULATION GREW BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS! UNTIL ONE DAY..





MINUTES LATER, AS THE CROOKS LEAVE
DIFFANY'S WITH THEIR LOOT....



LET'S GET 'EM!
THEY'RE SHOOTING
WILD!

LOOK OUT
MC. GINTY!
THE
BALLOONS!



PUNCTURED BY A FUSILLADE OF BULLETS,
THE TOY BALLOONS FOUR OUT A CLOUD
OF BLINDING SMOKE...



I'VE GOT YOU,
SARGE!!

I CAN'T
BREATHE!
I'M DEAD!



YOU'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT!

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT
OF THEM BALLOONS
AS BEIN'
DANGEROUS?



IT HAPPENED
LIKE THAT IN THE
DAILY CRIME PLOT!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
THEY JUST PULLED
THE ROBBERY YOU
SAID WAS IMPOSSIBLE!

SOMETHING'S GOT
TO BE DONE ABOUT
THAT PAPER! OR THE
WHOLE POLICE
DEPARTMENT WILL
BE A LAUGHING
STOCK!



NEXT DAY, THE CRIME RECORD
GLOATS OVER ITS TRIUMPH--



HERE'S THE
PROOF'S ON
TOMORROW'S
EDITION! BE
CAREFUL YOU
DON'T LET
ANYBODY
SEE THEM!

Y'CAN
TRUST
ME!



AND IN THE CRIME EDITOR'S OFFICE
A NEW SCHEME IS HATCHED...

MY FEE FOR
SHOWING YOU
THE DAILY CRIME
PLOT IN ADVANCE
IS FIVE HUNDRED
DOLLARS! OKAY,
RED MIKE?

IF IT WORKS LIKE
THAT LAST ONE,
IT'S CHEAP AT
THE PRICE!



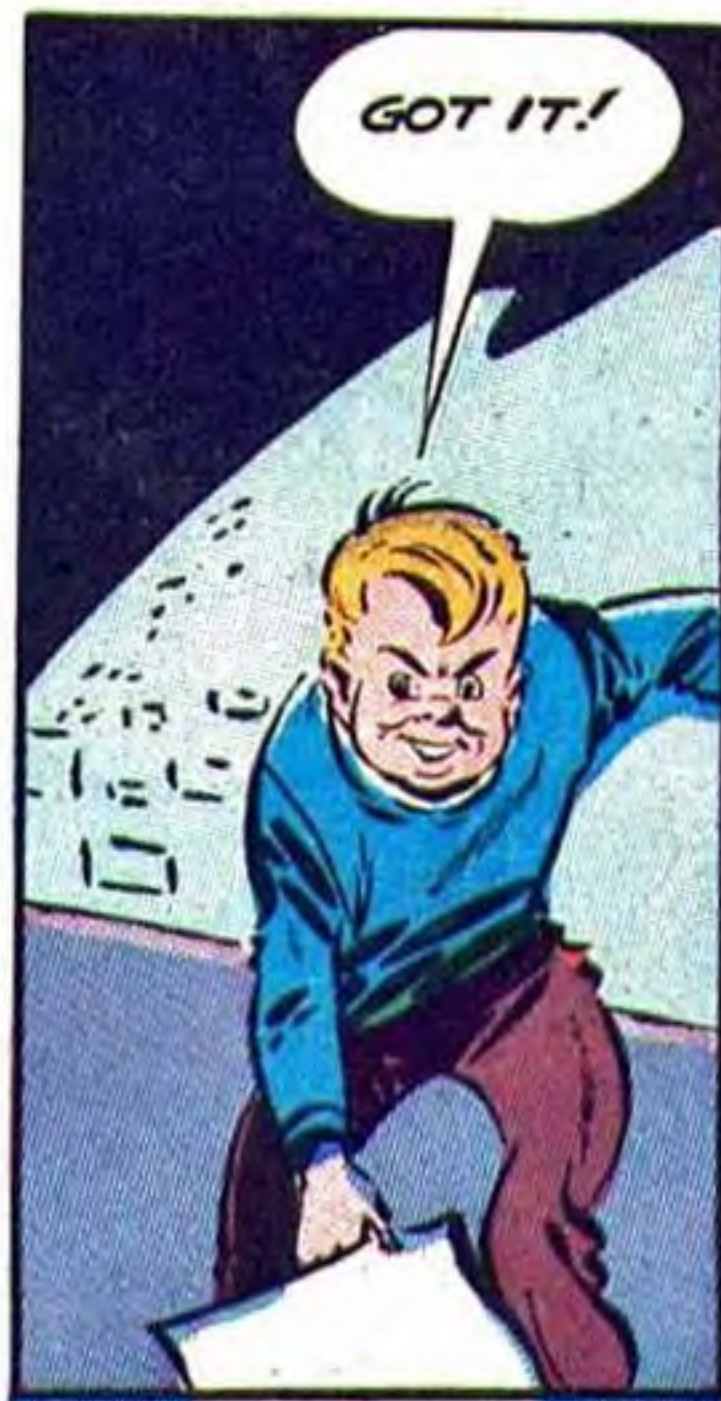
BUT THE CRIME EDITOR OVERLOOKS
ONE OF THE PROOF SHEETS
AND A BREEZE FROM THE
ELECTRIC FAN SENDS IT
WHIRLING THROUGH THE
WINDOW..



THROUGH TWISTING ALLEYS
AND STREETS THE VAGRANT
SHEET GOES ON ITS WAY
UNDISTURBED! UNTIL AT LAST
FATE TAKES A
HAND..



GOT IT!



I AIN'T GOT
NO LUCK!
I THOUGHT
IT WAS
SOMETHIN'
VALUABLE!

WHAT IS
IT, KID?





IT'S NOTHIN' BUT PART OF A NEWSPAPER!

"DAILY CRIME PLOT!... THIS IS A COPY OF TOMORROW'S CRIME RECORD!"



HOLY GEE! HE GAVE ME A DOLLAR FOR IT! AND I SAID IT *WASN'T* LUCKY!

NIGHT FINDS KIP BURLAND AS THE **BLACK HOOD**, PATIENTLY KEEPING WATCH...

THE CRIME PLOT CALLED FOR A **RAID** ON A PENNY ARCADE! AND THIS IS THE BIGGEST ONE IN THE CITY!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE PENNY ARCADE...

NEARLY TIME FOR THEM TO DEPOSIT THE WEEK'S RECEIPTS!

BOY! I BET THESE PENNIES RUN UP INTO REAL DOUGH!



SUDDENLY TWO OF RED MIKE'S HENCHMEN TAKE THEIR PLACES ON THE TARGET RANGE...

THESE GUNS FIRE BLANK CARTRIDGES! BUT THEY'LL COVER UP RED MIKE WHEN HE STARTS REALLY SHOOTING!



SHOOT 'EM DOWN!.. WHA. ?.. **THE BLACK HOOD!**

AND JUST IN TIME, I SEE!





A COUPLE OF MINUTES OF THIS AND YOU WON'T KNOW WHICH IS THE BAG.

I'M SEEIN' THINGS ALREADY!



HMMM! MY ATTENTION IS NEEDED ELSE-WHERE!

BANG! BANG!



I ALWAYS TRY TO BE OF SERVICE!

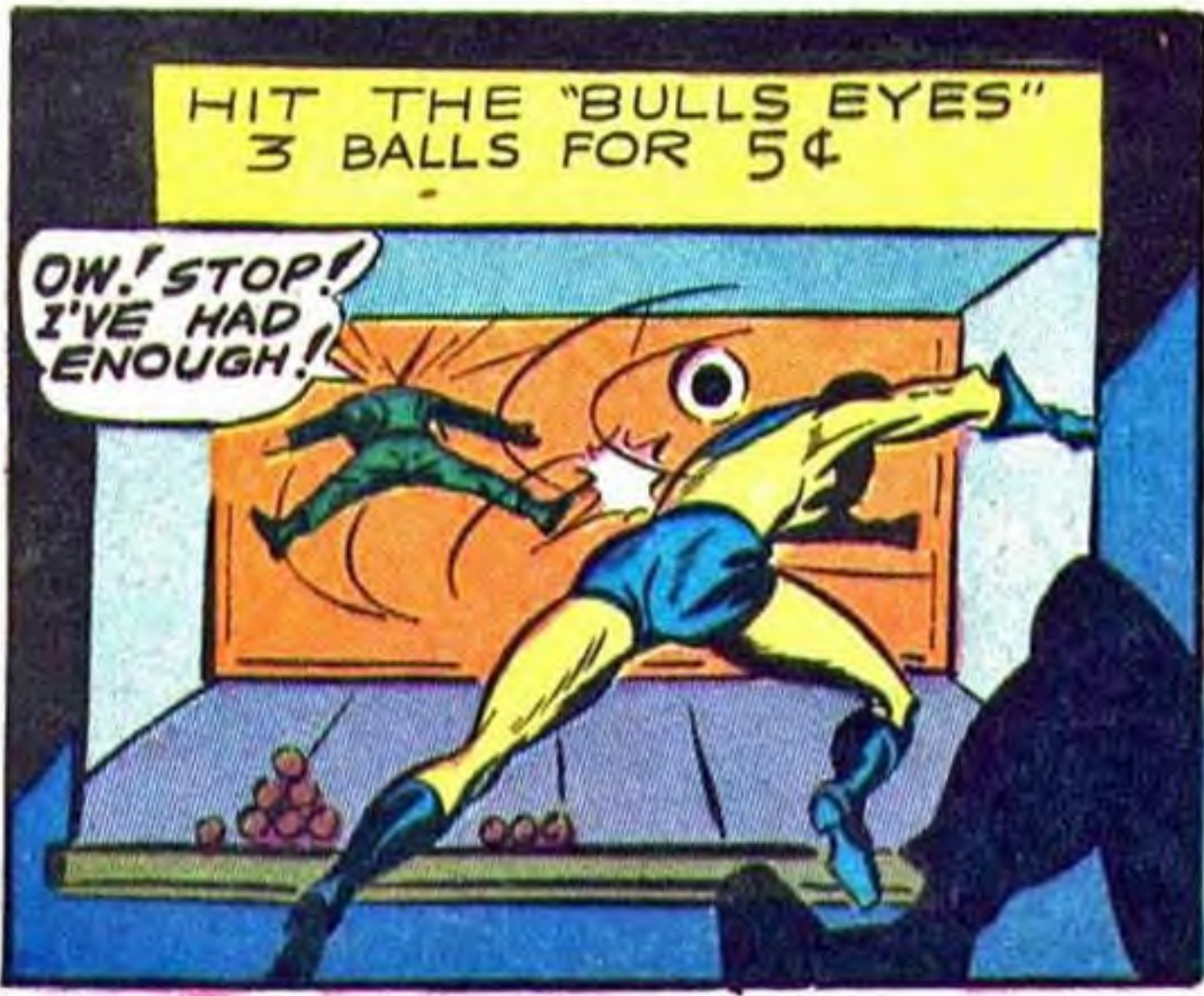
BONG!

WHAM!



CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HIT THE JACKPOT!

TRY YOUR LUCK



HIT THE "BULLS EYES" 3 BALLS FOR 5¢

OW! STOP! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!



MAYBE I WILL... AFTER YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE CRIME EDITOR!

I'LL TELL YA ANYTHIN! ONLY GET ME OUTA THIS!

UNKNOWN TO THE BLACK HOOD, ONE OF RED MIKE'S HENCHMEN ESCAPED-AND EVEN NOW IS WARNING THE CRIME EDITOR -



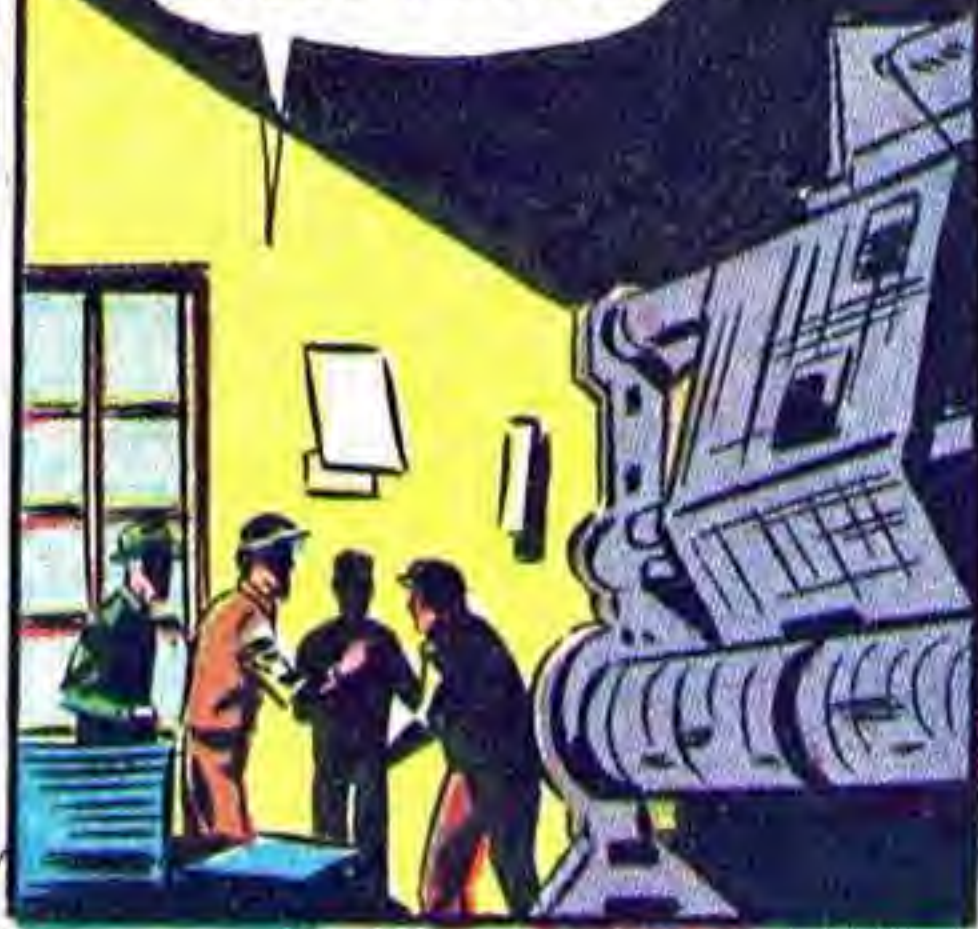
HE'LL BE COMING AFTER YOU ANY MINUTE! YOU BETTER CLEAR OUT!



LET HIM COME! I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!

HASTILY, THE CRIME EDITOR GATHERS HIS STAFF -

DON'T FORGET! WHEN YOU SEE THE BLACK HOOD, SHOOT TO KILL!

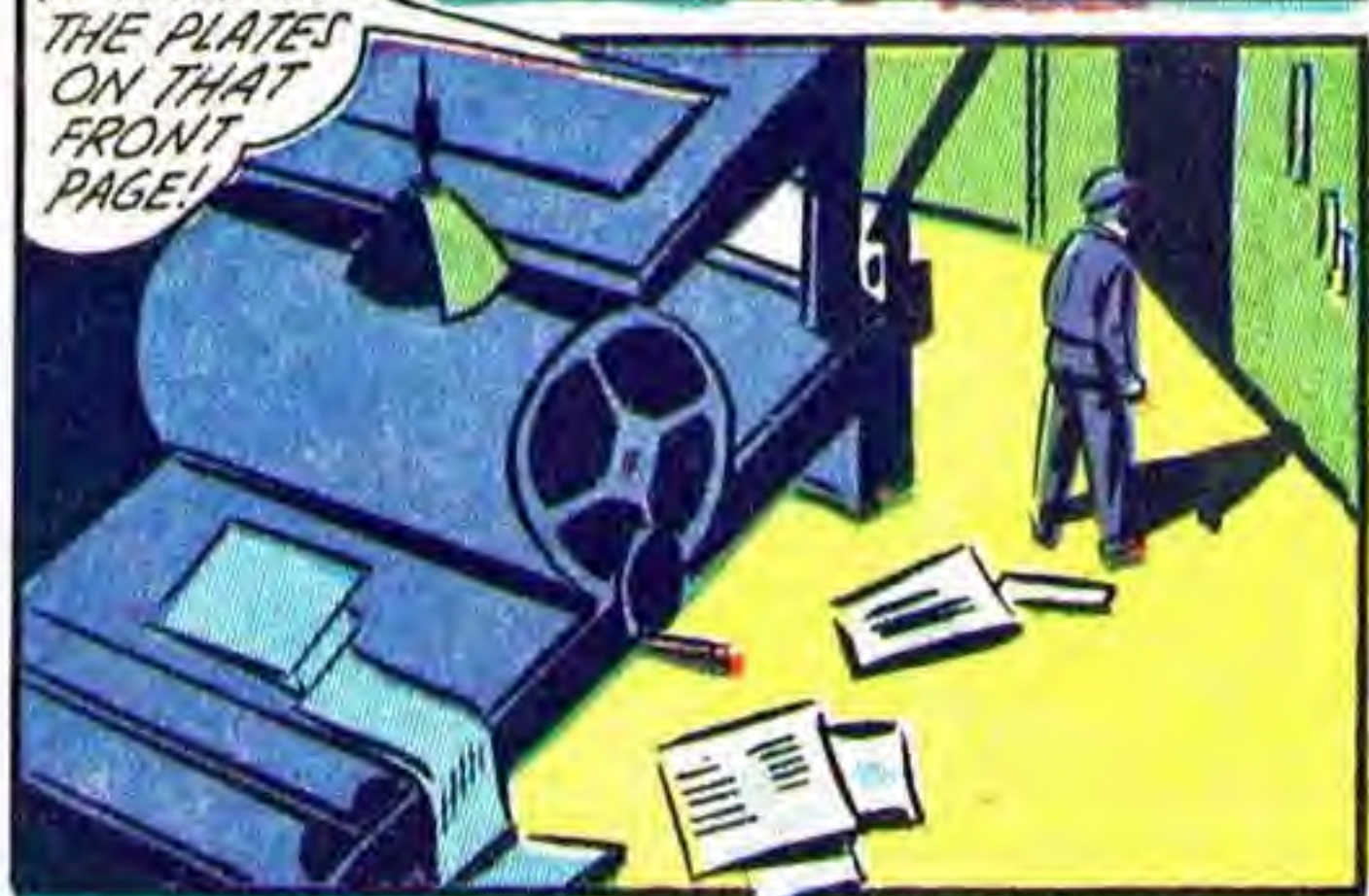


HOLD OPEN THE FRONT PAGE! WE'RE PRINTING A SPECIAL EDITION-ON THE DEATH OF THE BLACK HOOD!



YOU'RE THE EDITOR! I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

HEY, JOE! THE CRIME EDITOR WANTS YOU TO HOLD UP THE PLATES ON THAT FRONT PAGE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, JOE, THE TYPE SETTER, IS ENTERTAINING A VERY UNWELCOME GUEST..

GO ON.. ANSWER JUST AS TOLD YOU!

ULP.. Y.. YEAH, HOOD! I CAN'T HEAR YA FINGERS! BETTER COME IN HERE!



JOE, YOU MUST BE GETTING DEAF! I SAID... ULP!

I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME! SO DON'T REPEAT YOURSELF!



OFF!







END.

The BLACK HOOD

MAN
of
MYSTERY

and
**The RIDDLE of
SERGEANT
McGINTY'S
VOICE**



ONE DAY IN PRECINCT 71 SERGEANT MCGINTY WAS FEELING VERY LOW INDEED...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SARGE? TWENTY FIVE YEARS ON THE FORCE... AND NOW I'M ACCUSED OF BEING A CROOK!



SGT. MCGINTY

THE COMMISSIONER CLAIMS I SENT OUT FALSE ALARMS TO TAKE THE COPS AWAY FROM THE PLACES WHERE CRIMES WERE COMMITTED!

BUT THE COPS SAID IT WAS MY VOICE! I GUESS I MUST'VE DONE IT... ONLY I CAN'T REMEMBER!

EVERYONE KNOWS YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT!



NOBODY BUT ME USES THE RADIO ALARM! I MUST BE GUILTY!



WHAT'S THAT? FUR WAREHOUSE BEING ROBBED AT MAPLE AND VINE STREET?



SEND OUT THE RADIO ALARM, SARGE! I'LL GET THE CAR!

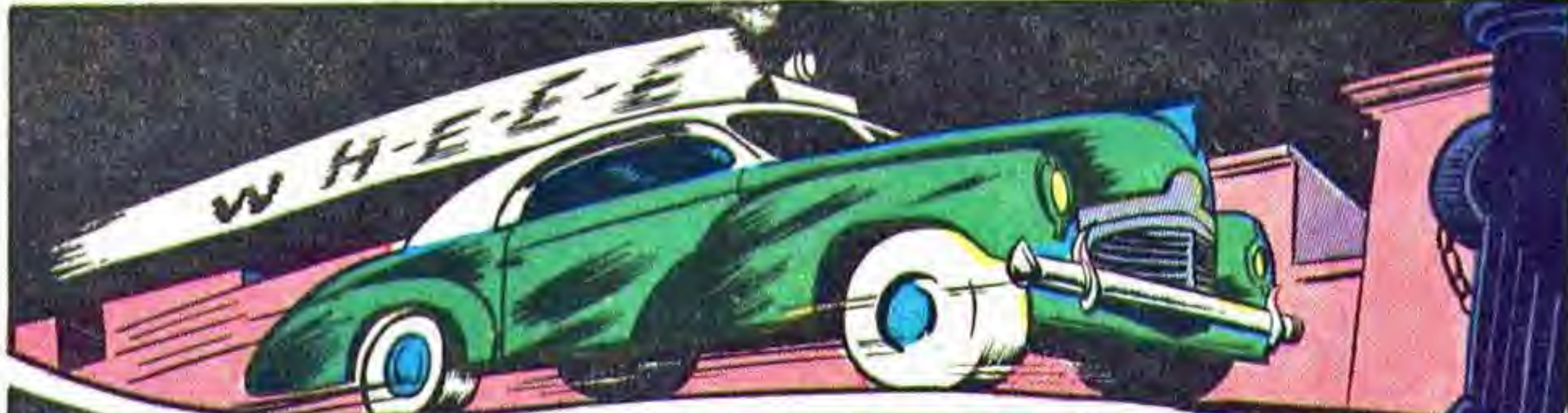
OKAY, KIP!



DID YOU SEND OUT THE ALARM, SARGE?

YOU BET I DID! LET'S GO!





THERE THEY ARE!



THIS'LL STOP 'EM

SCREECH



GOIN' SOMEWHERE?



IT'S THE COPS!



HOLD HIM, KIP!
I'LL KNOCK
HIS BRAINS
OUT!



WHAM



KIP!
WHAT
DID
I DO?



THANKS, SARGE!
YOU WERE A
BIG HELP!



HAW!
HAW!

C'MON
SPARKY,
LET'S SCRAM!



WHEW! WHAT
HIT ME?

STEP
ON IT!



THE POLICE ARRIVE ON
THE SCENE....

ABOUT TIME YOU
GUYS GOT HERE!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR
THE RADIO ALARM?

SURE! BUT
McGINTY TOLD US
THERE WAS A
BANK ROBBERY
AT THIRD AND
CRAWFORD!



HMMM... McGINTY
HIT ME ON THE HEAD!
OR THOSE CROOKS
WOULDN'T HAVE
ESCAPED!

WE HEARD
HIS VOICE AS
PLAIN AS DAY! I'D
KNOW IT ANY-
WHERE!



McGINTY CAN'T
BE GUILTY! BUT
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
PROVE IT!



I'VE GOT TO GET
TO THAT TRUCK!

I MAY STILL BE ABLE TO CUT 'EM OFF! I'LL LET THE BLACK HOOD TAKE OVER FROM HERE! IF ANYBODY SAW KIP BURLAND PULL THIS TRICK, THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!



THAT TRUCK SHOULD BE COMING THIS WAY ANY MINUTE!



THERE IT IS!



SOME TIME LATER THE TRUCK PULLS UP BEFORE A SHANTY ON OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN-

END OF THE LINE! HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF!



NOW I'LL DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING! I HOPE MCGINTY APPRECIATES THE TROUBLE I'M TAKING!

MADE IT! BUT I WOULDN'T WANT A RETAKE ON THAT ONE!





THEY WENT IN HERE!
BUT THEY'VE GOT BLACK
ENAMEL OVER THE
WINDOW! I CAN'T
SEE INSIDE!



AIN'T
THAT A
PITY?

BUT I'D RATHER DO
THINGS MY WAY!



AROUND HERE
WE SHOOT SNOOP-
ERS FIRST-AND
ASK QUESTIONS
LATER!

A CHARMING
CUSTOM!



IF YOU
DON'T MIND!

WHAM!



BUT WE
DO MIND!



WHAT'LL WE DO
WITH HIM NOW,
SARGE?

WHEN HE
COMES TO,
WE'LL..ER..
PERSUADE HIM
TO ASSIST US! I
THINK WE WILL
FIND HIM VERY
USEFUL!

THE BLACK HOOD WAKENS TO FIND HIM-
SELF A PRISONER-

CALLING ALL CARS...
CALLING ALL CARS...
GO TO THE CAMEO
THEATRE ROBBERY!

THAT'S
MCGINTY!

HE'S BROADCASTING
FAKE POLICE ALARMS!
HE REALLY IS IN LEAGUE
WITH THESE CROOKS!
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

NOW, IF I COULD
ONLY REACH
THAT BOTTLE
WITH MY FEET!

THAT
DOES
IT!

USING A PIECE OF JAGGED GLASS,
THE BLACK HOOD QUICKLY SETS TO
WORK ON HIS BONDS!

MCGINTY IS DUE
FOR A SURPRISE!

AT THIS MOMENT IN THE
ROOM OUTSIDE...

SHALL I GET THE
HOOD NOW, SARGE?

YES!

WE WILL LET HIM BROADCAST A CONFESSION OF HIS GUILT TO THE POLICE-- BEFORE WE KILL HIM! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT US THEN!

THANKS FOR OPENING THE DOOR! I WAS JUST COMING THROUGH!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY, SARGE!

I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT...

WH-WHY YOU'RE NOT MCGINTY!

N-NO! I'M SERGEANT KER-ENSKI! I ONLY IMITATED MCGINTY'S VOICE!

TALK FAST, RAT OR I'LL MAKE THAT UGLY FACE OF YOURS UGLIER!

DON'T I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!

START BY TELLING ME WHERE YOUR CROOKS ARE REALLY GOING TO STRIKE!

THE GEM SHOPPE! BUT THEY'VE ROB-BED IT ALREADY!

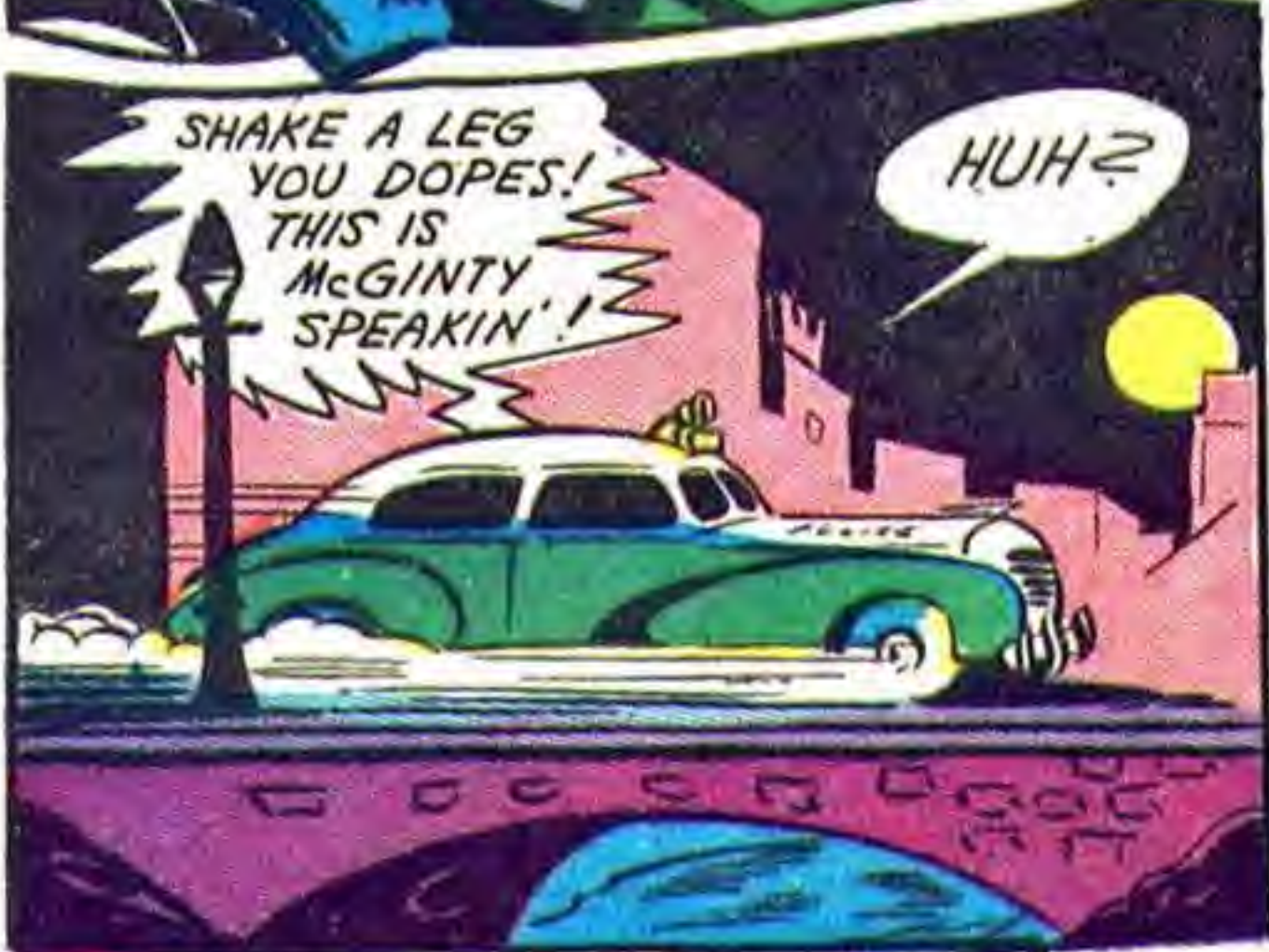


THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN THEN! JUST SEND OUT A POLICE ALARM—AND SAY YOU'RE MCGINTY!



AND SO...
ROBBERY AT GEM JEWELRY SHOPPE! STEP ON IT!

GOSH! THAT VOICE SOUNDS FAMILIAR!



SHAKE A LEG YOU DOPES! THIS IS MCGINTY SPEAKIN'!

HUH?



I'VE BEEN ROBBED! SOMEBODY STOLE MY VOICE!

WE'LL NAB THOSE CROOKS IN THE ACT! COME ON, SARGE!



The Herald Times
MCGINTY COLLARS "RADIO WAVE" CROOKS!
"BIGGEST HAUL IN MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE FORCE," SAYS SERGEANT MCGINTY!

IT WAS A CLEVER TRICK—USING A VENTRILOQUIST ON THE POLICE WAVE LENGTH! HE CERTAINLY IMITATED YOUR VOICE PERFECTLY! DON'T YOU THINK SO SARGE?



OH, I FORGOT! YOU TALKED SO MUCH TO THOSE REPORTERS YESTERDAY THAT YOU LOST YOUR VOICE!

OH YEAH! SEE HERE YOU BIG LUG...

Archie

IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

HA, HA...
NEVER LAUGHED
SO MUCH IN MY
LIFE,
DOC!



BOY! WHEN
ARCHIE'S ON THE
AIR, EVEN MY
MOTHER-IN-LAW
DOESN'T BOTHER
ME!

...AND FURTHER-
MORE, YOU BRUTE,
I'M TAKING MY
DAUGHTER HOME!



QUIET —
ON THE AIR!

THAT KID,
ARCHIE MAKES
ME FEEL YOUNG
AGAIN... YIPPEE



TUNE IN ON
ARCHIE ANDREWS

6:15 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME
6:15 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME
5:15 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME
2:15 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME

ON WOR
MUTUAL

Fill Vigoda -

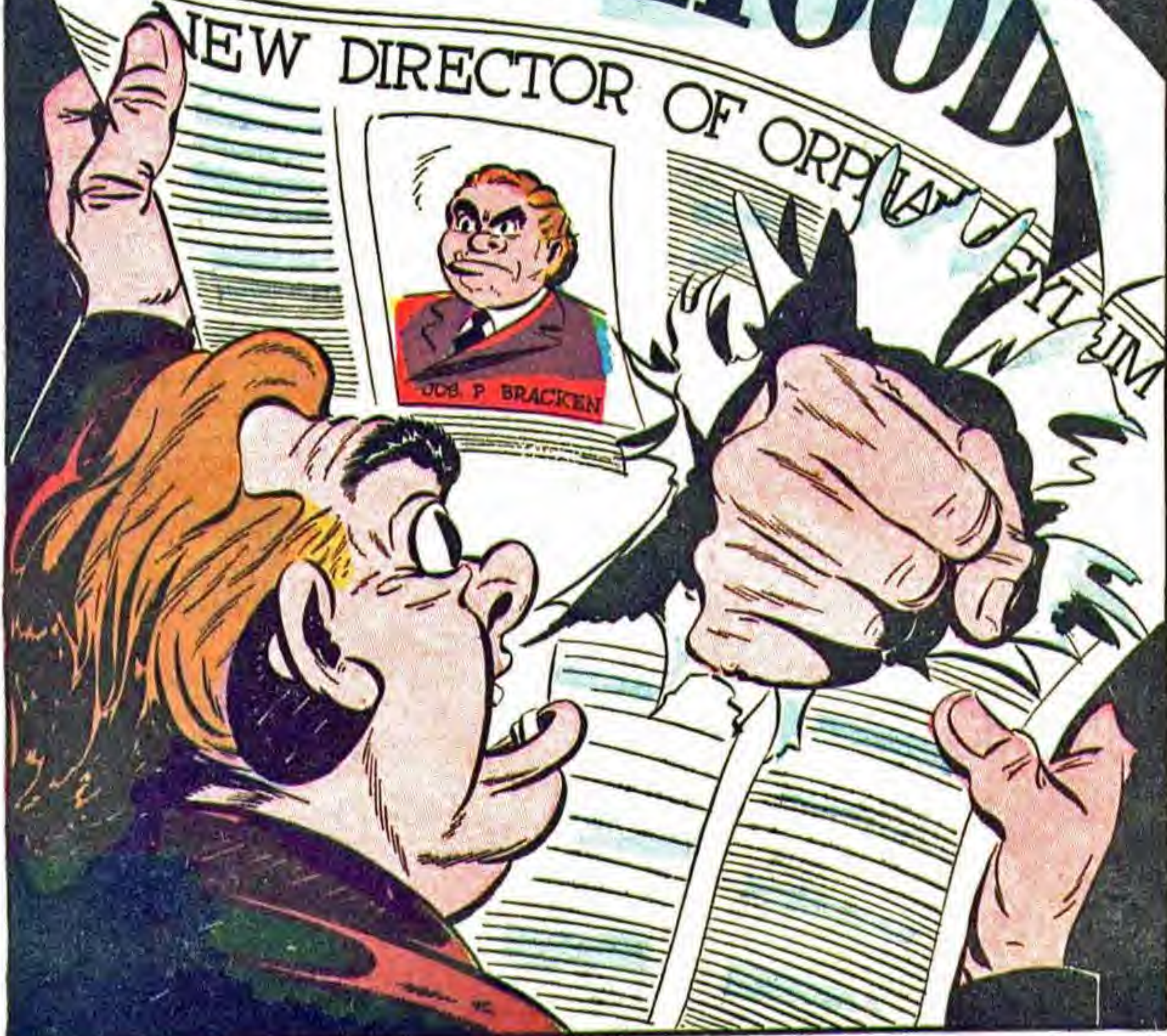
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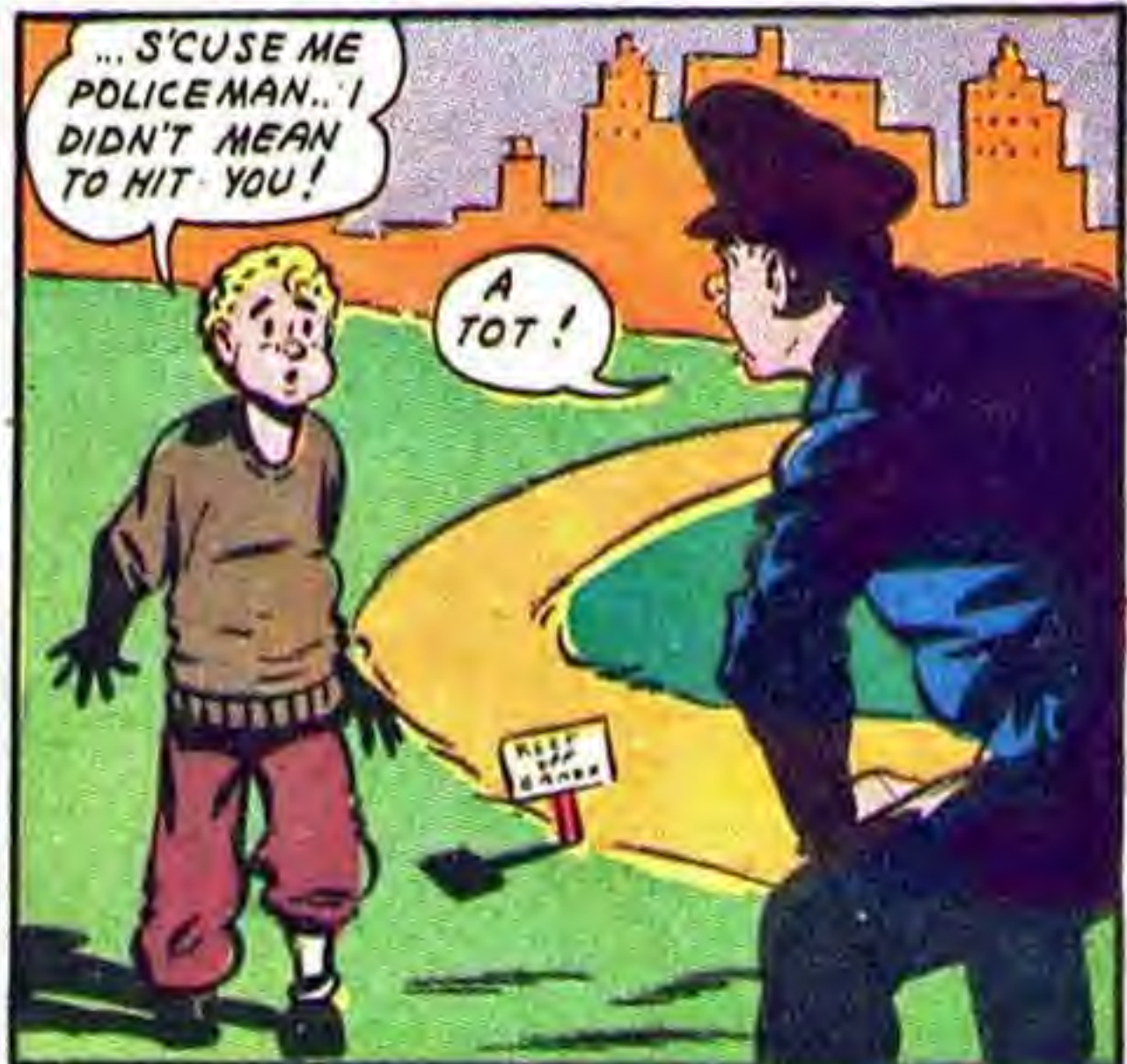
BLACK HOOD

NEW DIRECTOR OF ORP



J. P. BRACKEN







ONE MOMENT, MADAM.. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

I'M A MATRON AT THE STATE ORPHAN ASYLUM.. THIS BOY IS A RUNAWAY..



I DON'T WANT TO GO! THEY'LL WHIP ME!



HOLD YOUR TONGUE, YOU ROTTEN KID!



WELL.. S'LONG.. KIP SEE YOU AT THE STATION HOUSE!

S'LONG, SARGE...

HMM... WHIPPING.. EH?? SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T THE COZY TYPE! I THINK THE BLACK HOOD WILL VISIT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT..



NO ONE IN SIGHT... A SCREAM!! FROM THAT ROOM!

AAIEEEE PLEASE STOP!!



THIS'LL LOIN
YA TO RUNAWAY
AND TALK TO
COPPERS!!



ONE OF MY
PET HATES ARE
PEOPLE WHO BEAT
CHILDREN...



NOW TELL ME
TOMMY.. WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT??

I DON'T KNOW!
I'M NEW HERE... BUT
EVERY NIGHT I
HEAR NOISES AND
YELLS FROM THE
BASEMENT!



C'MON... BOY...
WE'LL SEE WHAT'S
DOING THERE!



THERE MAY BE
TROUBLE.. YOU RUN
AND GET THE
POLICE!

Y.. YES
BLACK
HOOD!



NOW LET'S
SEE WHAT'S
CAUSING THOSE
SCREAMINGS!

MEANWHILE

SLAPSY!!
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S NOT BEDTIME
YET!

THE BLACK
HOOD.. GET
HIM!



WHILE BELOW, THIS IS THE
SCENE THE BLACK HOOD
LOOKS IN ON...

STOP YOUR
BAWLIN' AND
GET TO WORK
YOU BRAT!



WHAT GOES?
THEY'RE WORKING
THOSE KIDS FOR
ALL THEY'RE
WORTH... WHY?

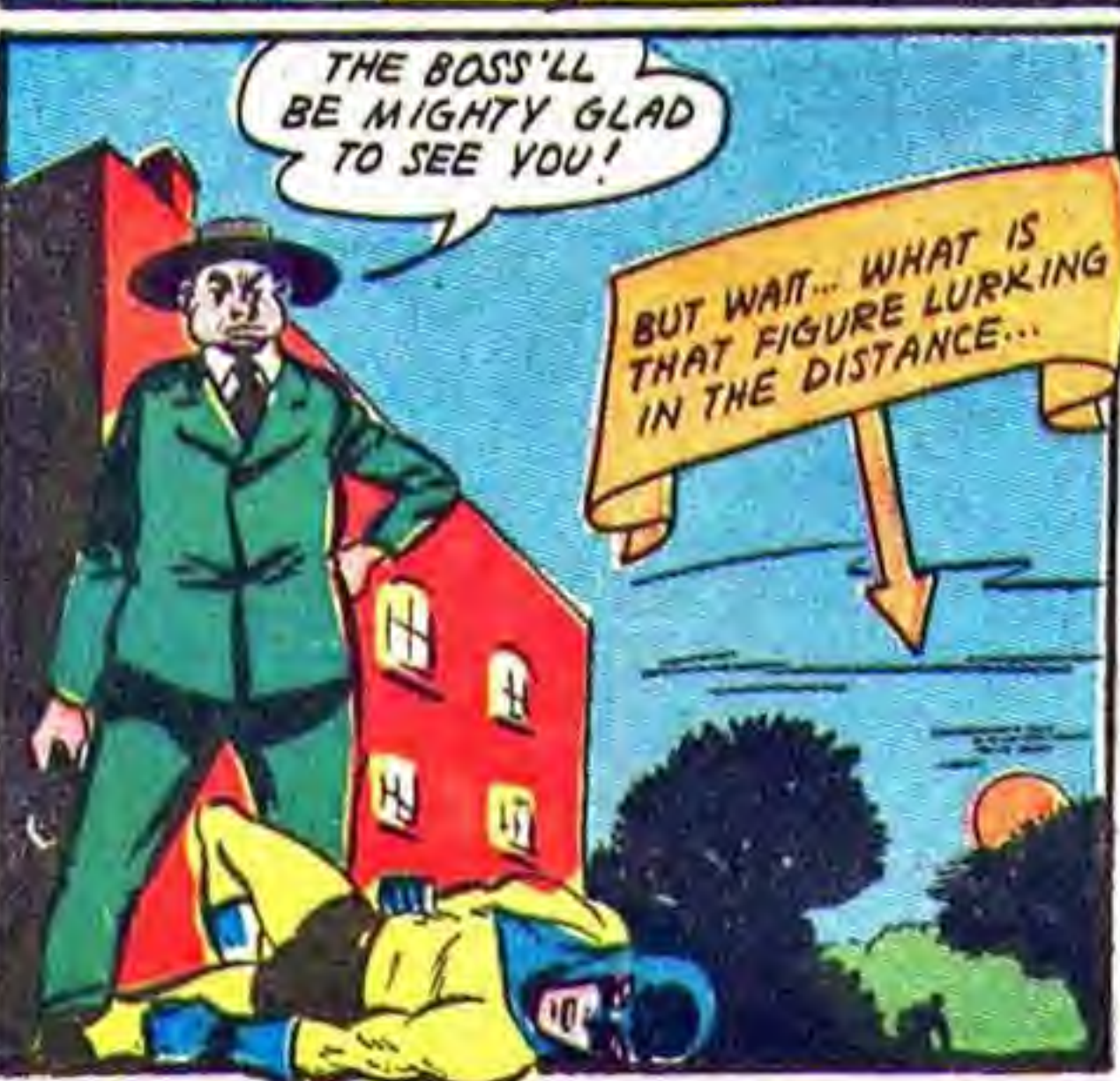


NONE OF
YOUR BUSINESS,
HOOD!



THE BOSS'LL
BE MIGHTY GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

BUT WAIT... WHAT IS
THAT FIGURE LURKING
IN THE DISTANCE...



IT'S TOMMY!

THE BLACK
HOOD'S BEEN
HIT!



LATER

C'MON...
WAKE UP!



GEE.. I DIDN'T
KNOW I HIT HIM
THAT HARD!

NOTHING.. REALLY..
JUST GINKY HERE..
HE DOESN'T LIKE
SNOOPERS!

W... WHAT
HIT ME?



JOE BRACKEN!
YOU CHEAP POLITICIAN!
YOU WOULD BE MIXED UP
IN THIS... I FOUGHT YOUR
APPOINTMENT AS DIRECTOR
OF THIS ASYLUM!



WHAT'S YOUR
ANGLE? WHY
ARE YOU WORKING
THOSE KIDS?

I'VE GOT A NICE RACKET
HERE! THE KIDS MAKE
THE TOYS, AND I MAKE A
NICE FORTUNE UNDER-
SELLING TOY MANUFACTUR-
ERS! BUT
WHY WORRY?



YOU'LL SOON BE IN THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA.. THAT SACK
YOU'RE IN IS FULL OF ROCKS..
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! I'LL BE
BACK IN A MINUTE! I'VE
GOT TO SEE HOW MY
ANGELS ARE DOING!
HEH HEH!

YOU
RAT!

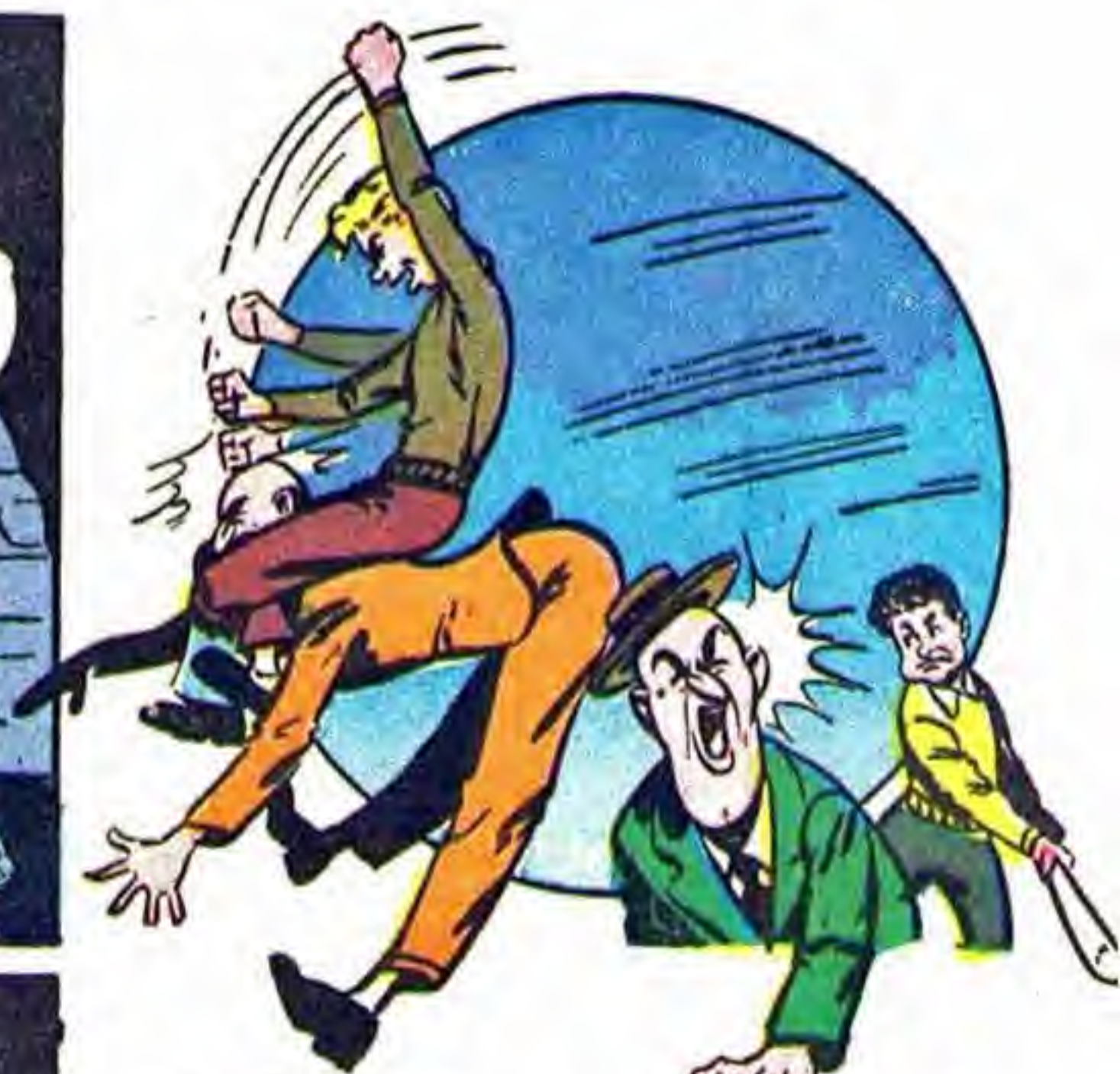


BLACK HOOD!
WHERE ARE YOU?

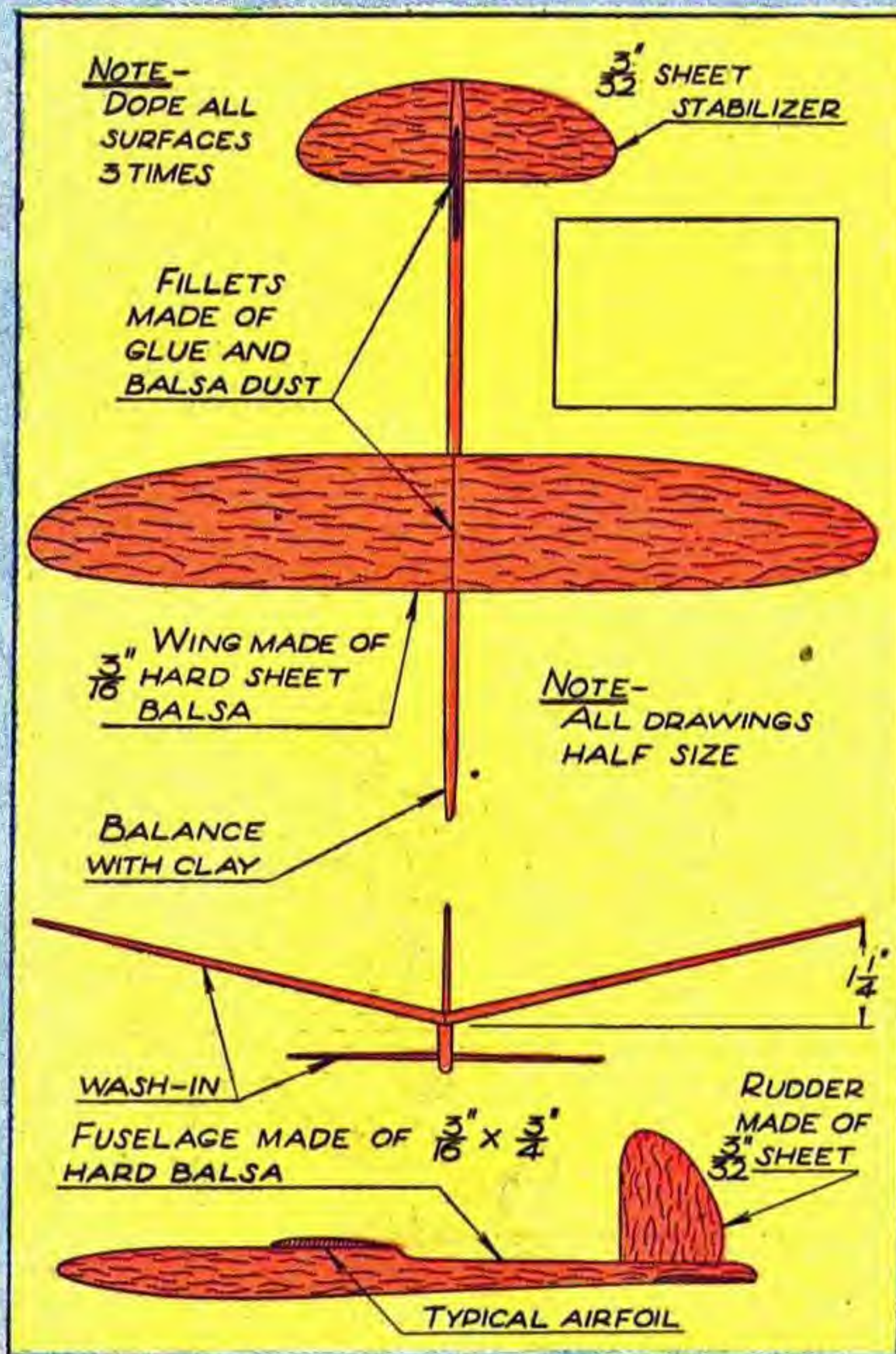
WHAT
TH...?







JUNIOR FLYING CORPS



Designed by LOUIS BUCALO
Drawn by JOHN STOCKWELL

CONSTRUCTION: The tools of construction are covered by a sharp knife and both a rough and fine grade of sandpaper. The plans are reduced but can be enlarged by means of a pair of dividers. The ship can also be built as shown. The fuselage is carved from 1/4" flat hard balsa. If greater strength is desired, dimensions of 1/16" flat balsa can be substituted. Sanding the fuselage is of utmost importance since this will reduce weight and drag considerably. For a slick finish, apply four coats of clear dope, sanding after each is dry with fine sandpaper.

The Stabilizer and the rudder can be constructed from either soft 3/32" sheet or hard 1/16" sheet. When using 3/32" sheet more time will have to

be spent sandpapering to the airfoil shown. Note the taper in the front view of the tail surfaces.

The wing is cut from medium hard 1/8" flat balsa. Sand each panel to an accurate rib section. Coat the butt end with sandpaper and allow to dry. After each panel is cemented to the adjacent one, four additional coats of cement are applied with the brush. Silk is then glued over the joint insuring shearing strength. Dope for a finish as on the fuselage and tail surfaces.

Using the heat from a tea kettle, warp a slight wash-in on the right wing and slight wash-out on left panel. The right wing is seen in looking forward toward the nose of the ship from where the pilot would be sitting.

The wing and stabilizer are cemented to the fuselage in accordance with the plans. When assembling set the rudder for a slight right turn. Apply four coats of cement over all joints.

The glider is thrown (by right-handers) into a slight right bank and almost straight up. Slight adjustments with the turn will avail you free of a "dip." For a flat glide, clay is used to balance up the moments about the center of gravity. Test for a flat glide by throwing the ship gently into the wind on eye level. After a flat glide is yours, increase the speed of your throw and head the ship up to where it wants to go.

The End.

The HANGMAN

and
the
CRIME
of the
UNSUBS!



OUR STORY BEGINS, WHERE KILLER "SNAKE"
LEARY'S IS ABOUT TO END..

HE'LL NEVER GET ME! HE
MUSTN'T GET ME!

A BLIND ALLEY! I'M TRAPPED! AND
HE'S STILL COMIN'! I CAN'T SEE
HIM, BUT I KNOW HE'S CLOSIN'
IN ON ME!

BULLETS'LL SMOKE HIM
OUT! HE AIN'T TAKIN' SNAKE
LEARY ALIVE!

YOU'RE THROUGH, LEARY!
YOU CAN'T SHAKE ME, NOR
YOUR FATE.. DEATH BY THE
HANGMAN'S NOOSE!

BUT THE FEVERISH HAND
OF THE CRIMINAL FINDS
A DOOR KNOB, AND...

IT.. IT'S OPEN!

HE DUCKED INTO THAT HOUSE! HE'S
SLIPPERY AS AN EEL! BUT I'LL
GET HIM, IF IT TAKES ME A
HUNDRED YEARS!

NOW TO FIND THE FRONT
DOOR! I'LL ESCAPE THAT
HANGMAN YET!



YOU LED ME A MERRY CHASE FOR NEARLY A MONTH, SNAKE! BUT I SWORE I'D GET YOU FOR THAT PAYROLL MURDER IF IT TOOK ME A HUNDRED YEARS!



AND NOW, I'VE FULFILLED MY VOW.. AHEAD OF TIME!

OKAY! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, HANGMAN!



A HUNDRED YEARS! AH... UM... THAT REMINDS ME! HE'S SITTING IN MY TIME CHAIR! A PERFECT CHANCE TO TRY IT OUT! I'LL SHOW THEM HOW IT WORKS!



I'LL SEND HIM A HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE! A CENTURY!...



OWww! WOT'S HAPPENING? I'M BEIN' ELECTROCUTED!



EUREKA! HE'S GONE! THE TIME CHAIR TOOK HIM TO THE YEAR 2044 A.D./ MY INVENTION IS A SUCCESS!... WHOOPS!



SNAKE GONE! VANISHED!

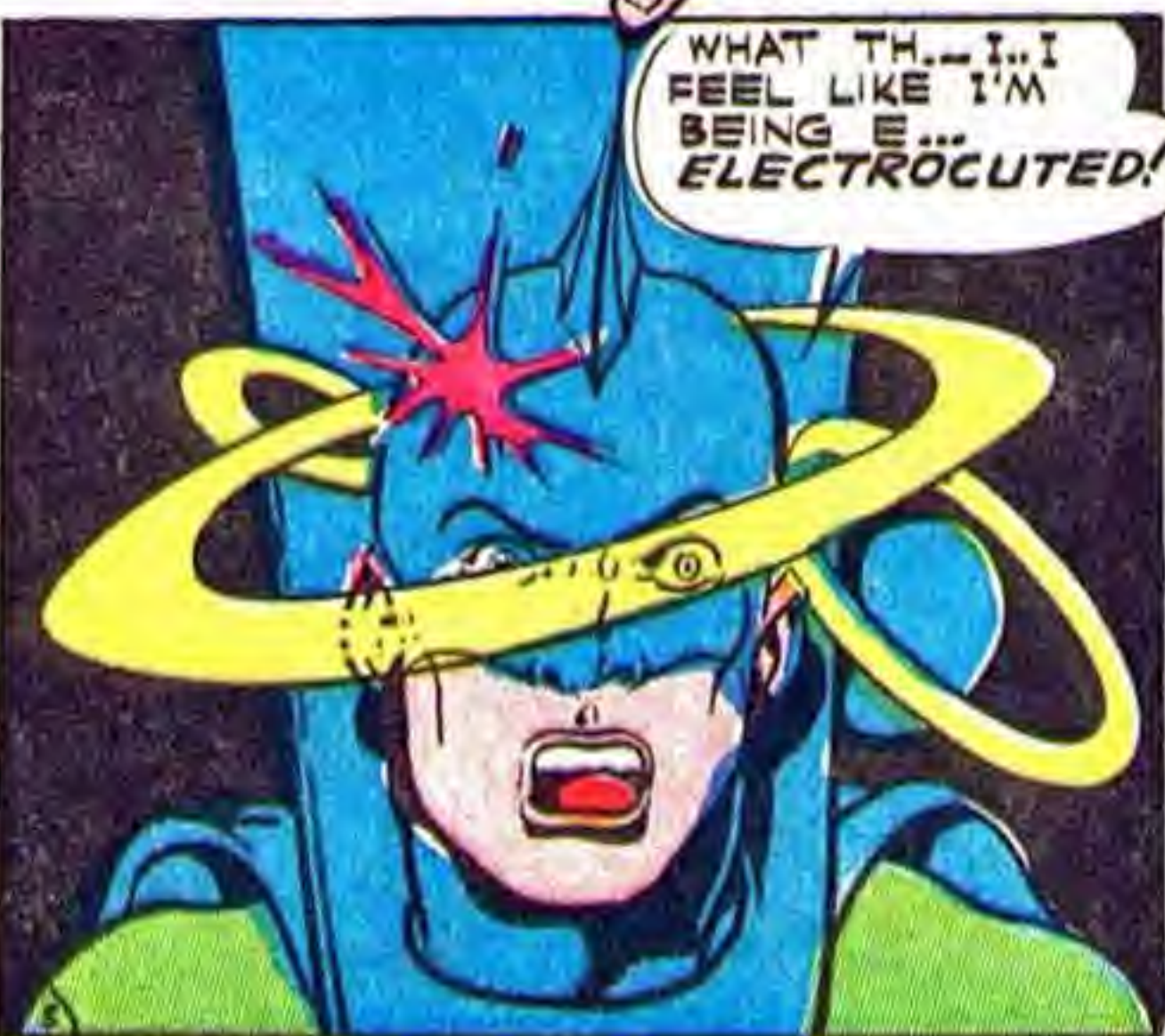
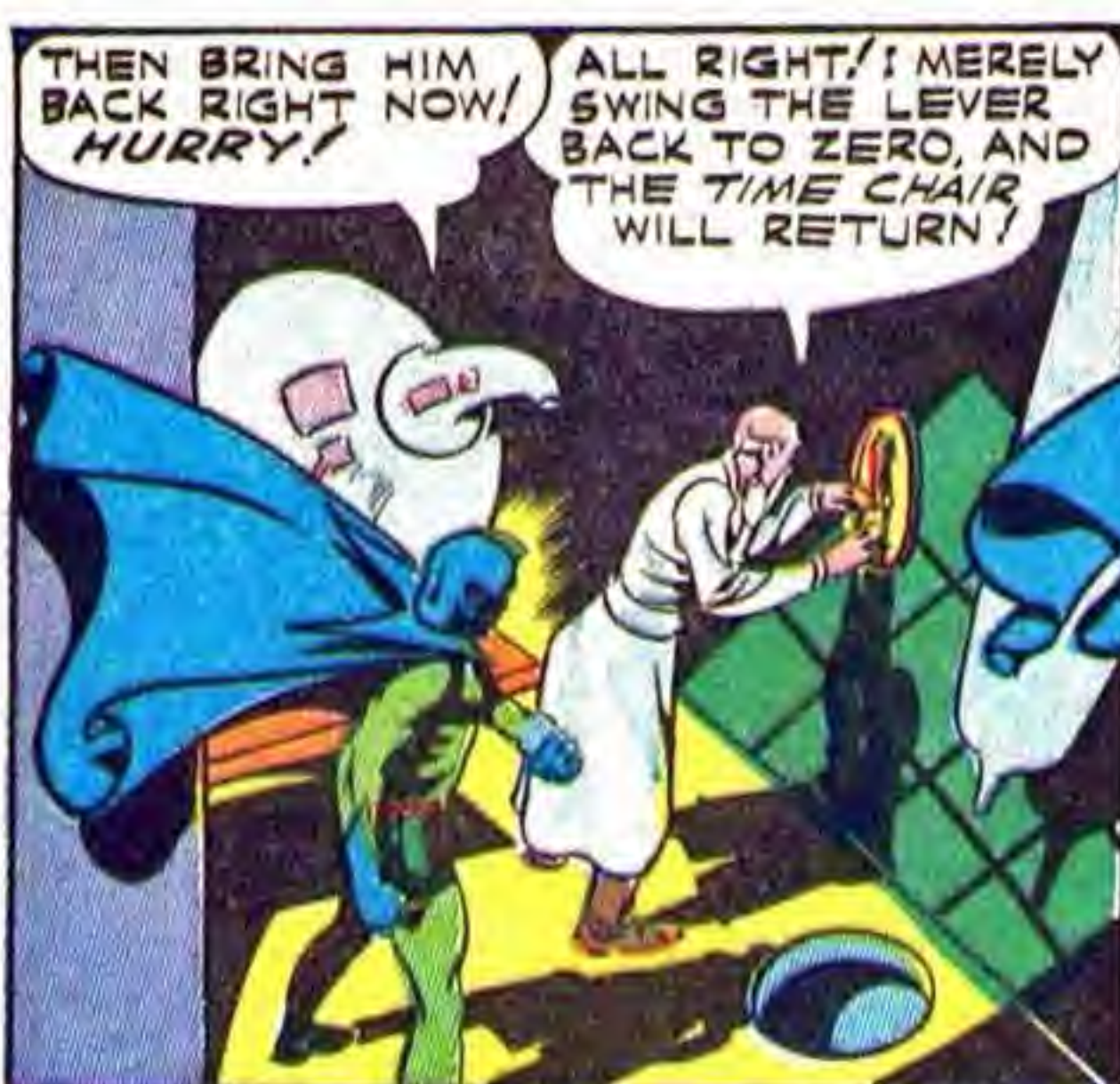


YOU OLD FOOL! WHERE IS HE? HE IS A VICIOUS KILLER! YOU GET HIM FREE..



HE'S A CENTURY IN THE FUTURE! DON'T GET EXCITED! I CAN BRING HIM BACK!





AT LAST THE HANGMAN'S BRAIN CLEARS!
HE STEPS OUT OF THE TIME CHAIR TO
FIND HIMSELF IN...



I'M IN THE WORLD OF THE
FUTURE, ALL RIGHT! TOMBSTONES
DON'T LIE! NOW TO FIND SNAKE
LEARY!



MEANWHILE
WHAT OF
SNAKE LEARY?



YOU WERE
SAYING?

GULP!



IT DID TAKE ME A
HUNDRED YEARS TO GET
YOU AFTER ALL SNAKE,
DIDN'T IT?



NOW, BACK
TO THE TIME
CHAIR!



WHAT'S WRONG? WHY
DOESN'T THE PROFESSOR
PULL US BACK TO THE
20TH CENTURY? I'M
STARTING TO GET
WORRIED!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN 1944, IN THE LABORATORY..

OUT OF ORDER!
SOMETHING BROKE DOWN/I CAN'T
BRING THE TIME CHAIR BACK/HANGMAN
AND SNAKE ARE MAROONED IN
THE FUTURE!



HE TOLD ME TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH A THELMA GORDON IF
ANYTHING HAPPENED.. AND
SOMETHING DEFINITELY
DID HAPPEN!



WHAT..HANGMAN LOST
IN THE FUTURE..ARE
YOU CRAZY, OR IS THIS
SOME PRACTICAL
JOKE?



THAT PROFESSOR MUST BE
MAD OF COURSE! AND..
AND YET WHAT IF IT
SHOULD BE TRUE...
(SNIFF, SNIFF) I BETTER
TAKE A RUN DOWN TO
THAT LABORATORY!



AND IN THE FAR FUTURE OF
THE 21ST. CENTURY...

NO USE! LOOKS LIKE WE
CAN'T GET BACK TO 1944!

HA, HA! ISN'T
THAT TOO BAD!



THEY MUST STILL HAVE
COURTS IN THIS DAY AND
AGE/I'LL GET YOU JAILED
AND HANGED HERE TOO!

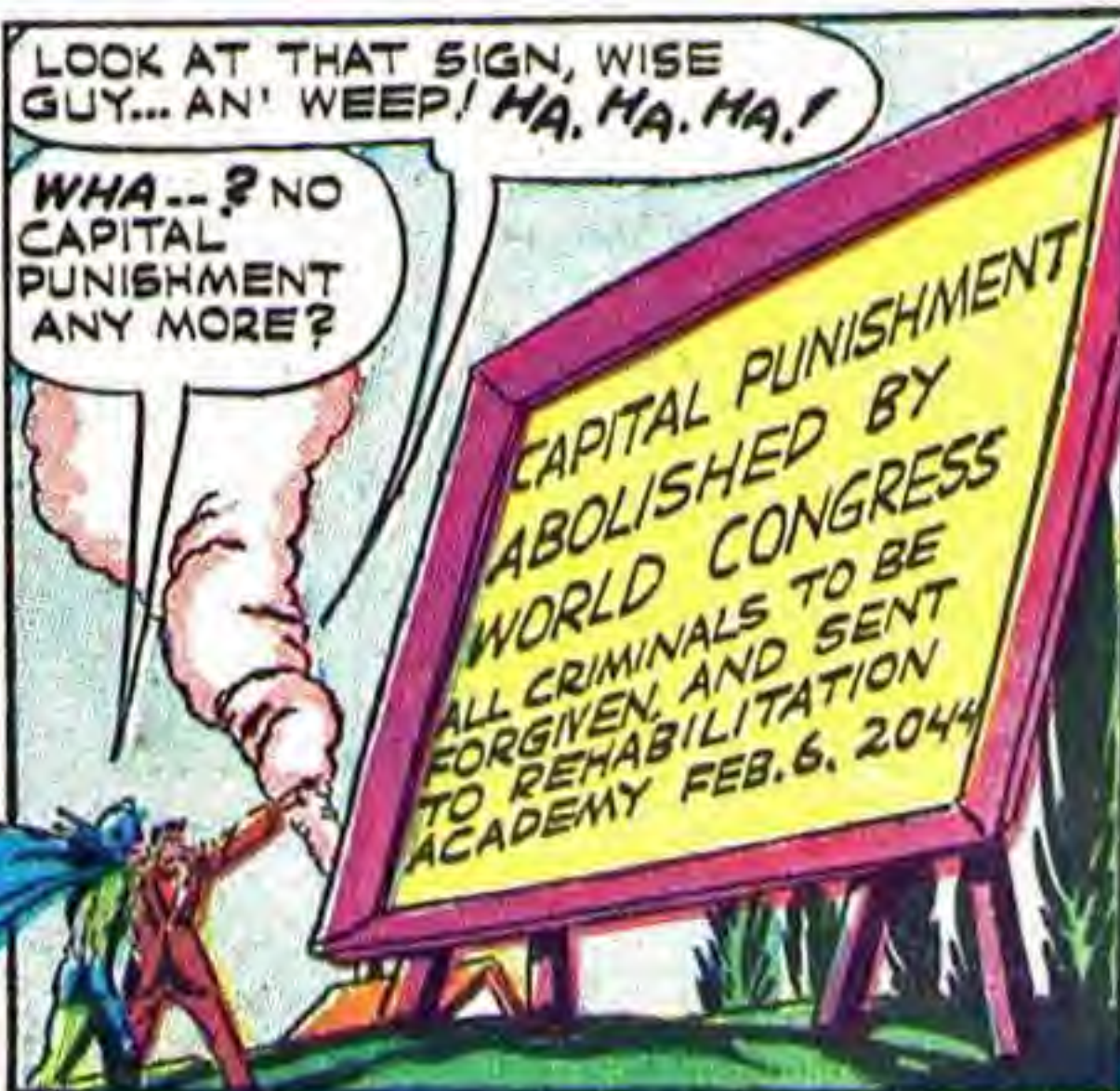
IS THAT
SO?



LOOK AT THAT SIGN, WISE
GUY... AN' WEEP! HA, HA, HA!

WHA...? NO
CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT
ANY MORE?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
ABOLISHED BY
WORLD CONGRESS
ALL CRIMINALS TO BE
FORGIVEN, AND SENT
TO REHABILITATION
ACADEMY FEB. 6, 2044







WISE GUY, HUH? WELL, YER STILL NOT GONNA GET ME HANGED!

GET HIM HANGMAN! WE HAVE WAYS OF DISPENSING JUSTICE!



BOY! THIS GUY IS MAKING A CAREER OF HAVING ME CATCH UP WITH HIM!



STOP! I'M A CIVILIAN GUARD! WHY ARE YOU CHASING THAT MAN?

HE'S A MURDERER WANTED BY YOUR OWN LAW COURTS!



IN THAT CASE, I'LL STOP HIM WITH MY RAY-GUN!



WHA... I CAN'T MOVE! I'M PARALYZED!



GOOD LORD! HE FELL OFF THAT WALL, AND... LOOK!

UGH!



WELL, SNAKE LEARY WOUND UP HIS CAREER BEING HANGED AFTER ALL! NOW I'LL GIVE THIS TIME-CHAIR ANOTHER TRY! MAYBE THIS TIME...



EUREKA! MY REPAIRS WORKED! MY TIME-CHAIR'S BACK!

NICE GOIN' PROFESSOR!

HANGMAN! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!



STRANGE, ISN'T IT THEL? A KILLER PAYS FOR HIS CRIME 100 YEARS LATER! FIRST TIME THE HANGMAN TOOK 100 YEARS TO GET HIS MAN!

BAIT FOR MURDER

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Alf Corsican

SPRING was in the air, and Kip Burland was very restless. The city annoyed him, and today of all days he was more annoyed than ever. That letter from Jake Brody in his pocket didn't help matters either. What was it Jake had written? Quickly Kip reached into his trousers:

"My dear Kip,

Why don't you leave your stuffy job and come up here, and spend the weekend. The fishing's great, and until a week ago I used to go out every morning with Father for a mess of trout! Funny thing happened—a week ago, he disappeared, and no one knows where he went. I'm a bit disturbed, since he had a lot of money with him at the time.

Besides Father made the mistake of quarreling with Mike Grainger, his business partner, and you know what a short temper Mike has! Mike left town about the same time Father did, and seemingly deserted his lobster business.

Come on up, Kip—I'd be glad to have you here.

*As ever sincerely yours,
Jake Brody."*

That decided it. Kip hurried to his hotel, packed his bag, and within half an hour

was sitting in the club car of the Maine Special.

The next morning, as the pine trees along the Maine coast came into view, Kip smiled from his seat in the dining-car. This was it! The vacation he'd been longing for.

As he dug his spoon into his grapefruit Kip noticed the man opposite him. There was something vaguely familiar about this swarthy shifty-eyed man. Where had Kip seen him before? And why was this stranger's hand shaking so violently? Suddenly the man rose unsteadily to his feet, turned and staggered down the aisle between the tables towards the door, and disappeared.

In twenty minutes the train pulled to a halt, and sure enough there was Jake Brody waiting for him. But two local policemen were with him! Jake looked very upset.

"Kip! I was hoping you'd catch this train! Officers O'Connell and Burke have come down with me. Gentlemen, this is an old friend of mine, Kip Burland."

Kip acknowledged the introduction, and asked what was up.

"I went fishing this morning," Jake began, with a strange look in his eye,

"... out on the end of the pier, and an old lobster crate floated my way, Kip. I pulled it ashore, and opened it up. Inside was the body of Father ... it was horrible!"

Officer O'Connell cleared his throat. "When we examined Mr. Brody's body we found it pretty badly decomposed by water, and bloated almost beyond recognition!"

"What?" Kip suddenly exclaimed ... "It was bloated?"

At that moment, Jake Brody cried out: "There he is!" Kip turned, and who should be descending from the train but his breakfast-table companion, a suitcase in his hand.

"There's Mike Grainger, officers ... arrest him!"

And suddenly, before anyone could see ... a dark clad figure had run up to Mr. Grainger, grabbed him by the sleeve, and pulled him into a nearby taxicab!

Jake Brody gasped: "The Hood, the Black Hood! That's who it was! After them boys!"

Inside the first taxicab, the Black Hood ordered the driver to step on it!

"Where are you taking me?" queried Grainger.

"Never mind," was the abrupt answer. "I have a little investigating of my own to do, before I turn you over

to the authorities. Driver, the police station."

"I d-don't know what you're talking a b o u t," answered Grainger, perspiring. . . . "I—I've been out of town. Been to the city to see my doctor . . . heart condition, you see!"

"Did you let anyone know when you were going and coming back?" asked the Black Hood.

"Why—er . . . everyone in town knew!" was the answer.

With a grinding shriek the taxicab pulled to a halt in front of the police station.

Moments later, the Black Hood was examining the body of Jake Brody's father. He turned away, and went into an adjoining room. As he was looking intently at the lobster crate that had held the victim, the door burst open and Jake Brody and Officers O'Connell and Burke entered.

"Listen Hood, you've got some nerve, kidnapping a murderer from right under our noses!" shouted Officer Burke angrily.

"A man's innocent till proved guilty," remarked the Black hood. "Besides, he's in the next room. I brought him here!"

"This is a clear case," prompted Officer O'Connell. "Obviously Mike Grainger killed Brody's father for the money he had with him, and stuffed him into a lobster crate. One thing he didn't realize was that the crate might float

back to shore, bringing the evidence with it. Ironically enough, it was the son of the murdered man who uncovered the crime!"

Slowly the Black Hood turned to the gathered group. "There's only one fault to your reasoning, Officer O'Connell, and that is you've picked the wrong murderer!" Accusingly, the Black Hood pointed towards Jake Brody. "There is your killer!" he said.

With a muttered curse, Jake threw himself against the Hood, pummeling savagely. As the avenger of the just backed away, Jake picked up a blackjack from a nearby desk and hurled it. It missed the Black Hood by inches. Wasting no further time, he hurled his massive muscular body against the wiry fisherman. In a moment it was over and Jake Brody was being led into a cell.

Later Officers O'Connell and Burke, Mike Grainger and the Black Hood sat round a stove in Grainger's house, as lobsters boiled in a pot.

"He confessed just an hour ago," remarked Officer Burke . . . "that he killed his father in cold blood. Seems his father threatened to disinherit him, and had withdrawn all his available money from the bank to give it to Mike Grainger, his business partner!"

"But Hood, how did you see through that air-tight alibi of Jake's?"

"It was air-tight except for *one thing* Jake forgot," began the Black Hood, a grim smile playing about his lips. "His father's body was decomposed in water, and yet he said he found the crate *floating*! Since enough water entered the lobster crate to bloat the body, it couldn't possibly have been floating . . . *it must have sunk*!"

"Obviously, what happened was that Jake knew Mike Grainger would leave town at a certain date for an examination by his doctor. He stole one of Mike's lobster crates, killed his father, stuffed it into the crate and weighted it down off the pier. Then the day he knew Grainger was to return, he pulled up the crate and feigned finding it! It was unfortunate for Jake that he happened to ask a friend of mine, Kip Burland, up here . . . or I should never have been here. Also, Burland told me, he met Grainger aboard the train . . . and it was quite obvious to him that he did suffer from a heart condition!"

Mike Grainger crossed to the stove, and lifted the top from the pail of simmering lobsters. Officer Burke looked up and said: "By the way what ever became of Kip Burland? We sort of lost track of him at the station."

The Black Hood leaned back in his chair, and stared musingly at the ceiling. "I wonder . . ." he echoed, a taut smile hovering about his lips.

DUSTY

the SPECTACULAR
BOY DETECTIVE

Bill Vigoda

HIYA GANG! HOW'S
ABOUT LETTIN ME TAKE YOU
BACKSTAGE, AND SHOW YOU WHAT
MAKES US GUYS TICK! IT'S SUPPOSED
TO BE A TRADE SECRET! BUT
WHAT THE HECK! YOU'RE MY
PALS! AND I KNOW I CAN DEPEND
ON YOU TO KEEP IT TO
YOURSELVES!!











ITH A HARD LIFE
AT THE BETHT..
THITH *BILL VIGODA*
ITH A HEARTLETH
TATHKMATHTER!!

TSK..
TSK...



THITH ITH OUR
HEADQUARTERTH..
C'MON DOWN AND
MEET THE BOYTH!
THEY'RE HAVING
THEIR LUNCH
NOW !!

JOINT VILLAINS
AMALGAMATED
LOCAL 13



HELLO,
FELLERTH..
I'VE BROUGHT
A THYMPATHETIC
GUETHT!



SUDDENLY..

THERE'S THAT
BRAT, DUSTY! I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
GET HIM, SINCE HE
KNOCKED ME OUT
OF MY PROFESSION!



HOLD ON A MINUTE,
BOYS! LET BYGONES
BE BYGONES! I'LL
SPEAK TO MY
FRIEND, *BILL VIGODA*!
HE'LL GET YOU
ALL JOBS!



SAY.. THAT'S
SWELL.. NOW
THERE'S A **REAL**
GUY FOR YOU..
YESSIR!

HAVE A SEAT,
KID.. AND FILL
UP ON SOME
VICTUALS!



LATER..

THANKS VERY
MUCH, VILLAINS!
ALTHOUGH I'M SORRY
I MUST DECLINE YOUR
INVITATION TO BE
A MEMBER OF
YOUR UNION...
WELL, S'LONG!

NO WONDER THINGS WERE DULL AROUND THESE PARTS! ALL THE GOOD VILLAINS ARE OUT ON STRIKE! I'LL SPEAK TO *BILL* ABOUT IT!



HEY, BILL! THE BOYS WANT TO GET BACK TO WORK! THEY'RE WILLING TO ARBITRATE!

SUITS ME, DUSTY! NOTHING LIKE HAVING **CONTENTED** VILLAINS WORKING FOR YOU!



GOOD! IT'S TOO LATE TO HAVE A **GOOD** SCRAP NOW! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!



TOO BAD, DUSTY! BUT YOU SEE NOW, IT WASN'T ENTIRELY MY FAULT! ANYTHING *I* CAN DO FOR YOU ??



YES, YOU CAN, BILL! YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A DATE, AND I'VE VERY LITTLE TIME TO CHANGE! COULD YOU... ER.. SORTA...

WHY, OF COURSE, DUSTY!



FINE! JUST **ONE** MORE THING!

THERE! HOW'S THAT?



HAVE A NICE TIME, DUSTY.. SEE YOU IN THE **FUNNIES**!

WELL, S'LONG, BILL.. THANKS FOR THE FLOWERS!



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RENEW, TOO!

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IN ABOUT A
SECOND; 8
BLADES, TOO
— ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

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OFF — A BIG, DETAILED
INSTRUCTION BOOK —
FREE!

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TO MAKE NAVY
MODELS, TOO!
I'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD —
THANKS A
MILLION!

SURE, SON,
HERE'S THE
MONEY.
YOU'RE SERVING
UNCLE SAM
RIGHT NOW!

BOY, WHAT A
PLANE! HOW'D
YOU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED
AN X-ACTO
SET — FOR
SPEED AND
ACCURACY!

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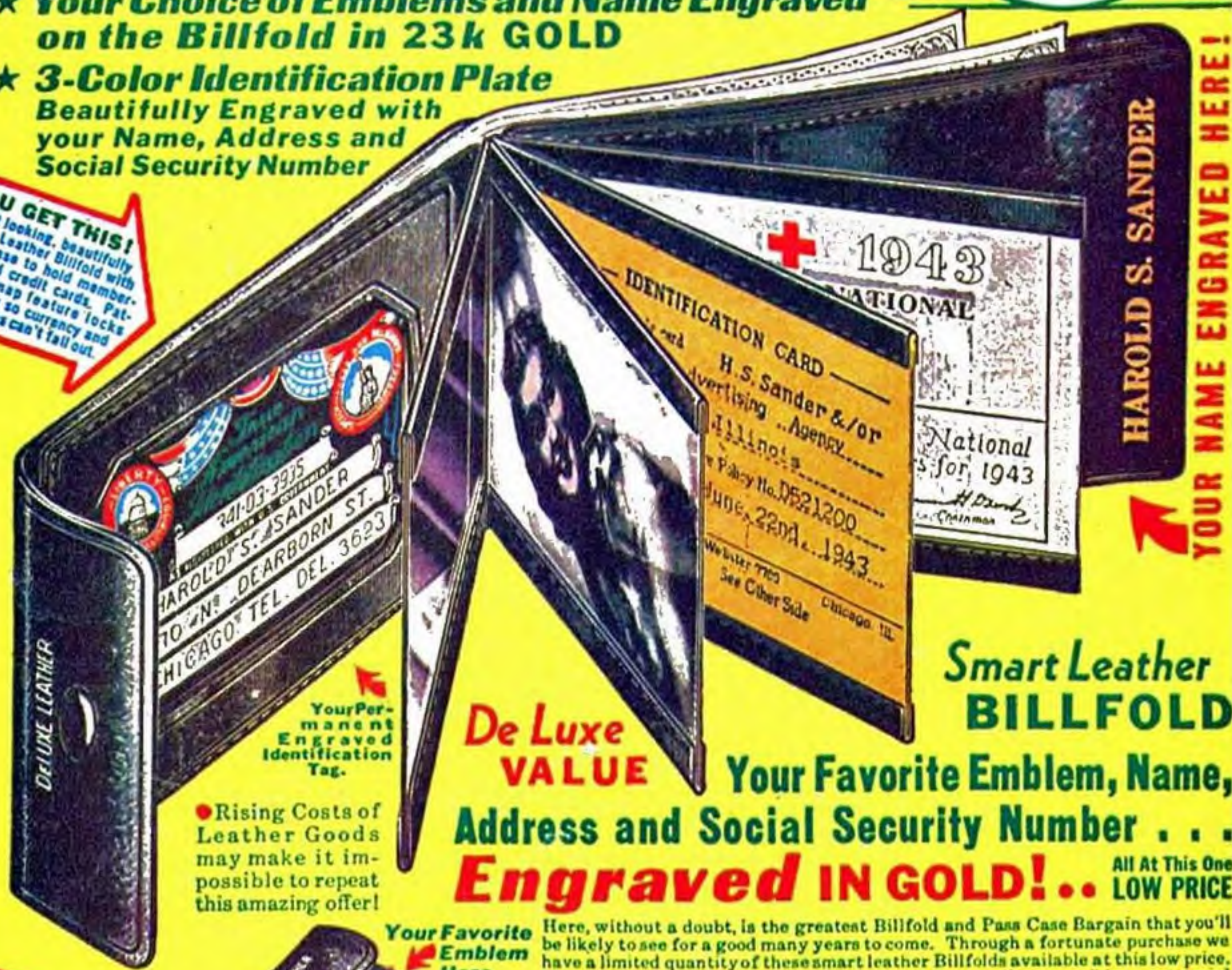
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